

## FAMOUS IRISH CITY

Correspondent Writes of Cork

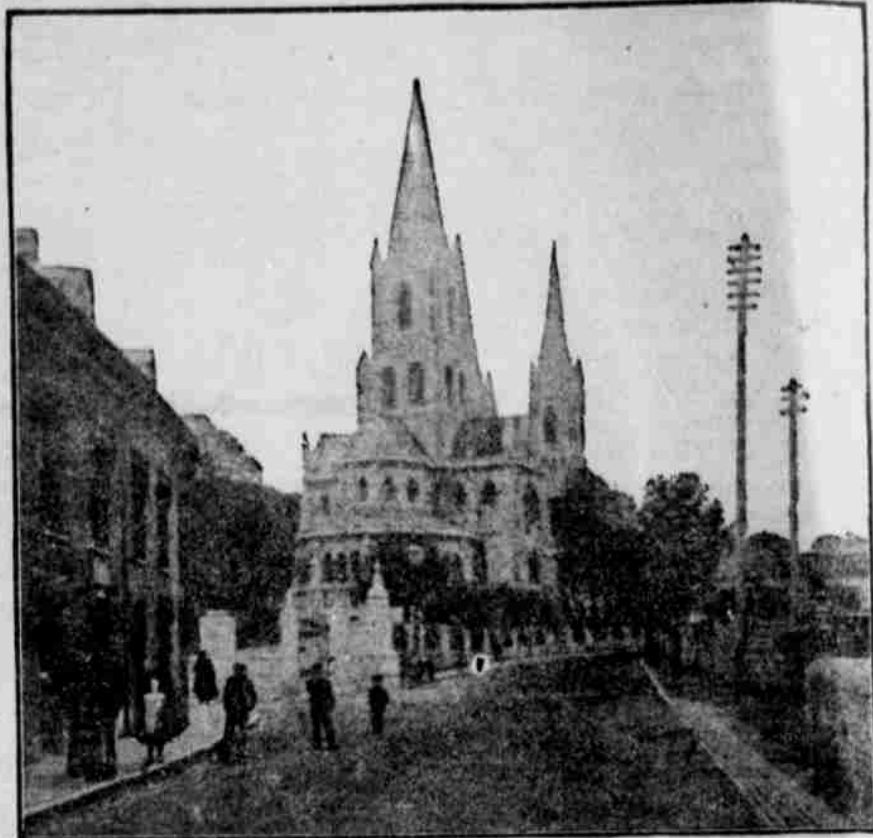
(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE)

Approaching Ireland from the south one is guided into the harbor of Queenstown, so named in honor of Queen Victoria's visit in 1848, previously called The Cove. The ship rounds Roche's point. This is the point at which the steamship Chicago of the Inman line was wrecked in 1892. The promontory which attracts at entrance to the harbor is known as Kinsall Head. It was upon this cape that the renowned Irish general Hugh O'Neill met his defeat by England under the governor general Carew, in the seventeenth century; and following the successes of a hundred battles. Let it be recalled that this defeat herein recounted followed as a result of Spanish treachery. The alliance previously entered into by O'Neill and O'Donnell with Spain was betrayed by Spanish officials, and the English forces were upon O'Neill before he could summon his forces to victory. This conquest by England was the real beginning of "England in Ireland." So potent had O'Neill become that Essex had advised Queen Elizabeth to come to terms with him. The queen died in 1603. King James followed. He was obdurate, refused all concession. Thus a hapless Ireland, full of trouble.

On the headlands jutting over the channel entering Queenstown the forts of Camden and Carlisle mottled with cannon confronts each other in grim moroseness. Around the former the Spanish armada slipped and became lost in its own convolutions; the night was dark and wrapped in mist. Drake with the English squadron followed and by freak of sudden changed winds was blown around the other headland as a train turned by a tongue switch to a diverging track. Both fleets concluded the other had escaped—and each went its way; both to meet six months following in a victory for Drake which six months before at Queenstown would have been reversed, had the fleets known each was in an arm's throw of each other, and the map of Europe changed for all mankind. "Drake's Pool" is the christening given the place to commemorate Drake's visit and confusion while the world's fate was entangled in the net of Irish mists.

From Queenstown—the seaport of County Cork—one is rushed into Cork City. The city is near 100,000 people, grown 20,000 in twenty years. It is Ireland's Venice—built on spits of land and slits of water. The river Lee winds through the town and against its banks there hover vessels whose noses have sniffed the seas of every port and cargo is unladen from every sea of earth. Cork has wakened up. It has appropriated Massachusetts shoe factory patents and shoe factories spell their signs in gold to the eye of the visitor. It was just below Cork where William Penn was born at Bloman Castle—1482—ten years before Columbus discovered America, and two years before Luther. Penn sailed from Cork harbor to discover Pennsylvania. Below this spot

where is Blarney Castle—the key-stone of whose crest arch is the world-renowned Blarney stone, long since consecrated as the inspirer of love's phrases and flatterers' arts. The castle is square in dimensions, of Spanish architecture—though constructed by Danish workmen for Lord Macarthy, who built it. The Blarney Stone is hooked to the top edge of the castle roof by bands of iron whose



St. Floun Barr's Cathedral.

arms hug the stone—of shape of a carriage curbstone—with curved arms to prevent the rock from falling. The castle is fast succumbing to the inroads of time. The stone bears the legend that "he who kisses never misses being eloquent." The writer declined to visit his kisses on so stony hearted a mistress. One must be let down head downward—held by the feet, and when the head is far enough down to reach the stone the suspended enthusiast must turn his head up as does a chicken held by the feet, and swinging forward kiss the under portion of the rock, now worn smooth by the million "lippings" that are forever lost to envious love.

Returning to Cork one is reminded as he approaches the miraculous spot of Sunday's Well; that it was here that Thackeray says, as an evidence of the education of Cork boys in the past, that he overheard two newsboys in a wrangle as to who was the greater man, Themistocles or Pericles. Speaking of Thackeray—he it was who said that beholding a Cork young man playing the violin he approached and said: "Young man, do you play by note?" "No, sir," said he. "Well, do you play by ear?" "No, sir," he again responded. "Well,"

poses her, but when he is in her how he is as the guest in the Acha's tent, partaking of salt. She gives him welcome to his coming and a speeding to his parting—because King Edward came as a visitor—and Irishmen know how to receive.

### Hungry Mules Eat Mail.

During recent maneuvers of ships of the British navy some of them called at Lagos, Portugal, for their mail. Soon it was discovered that something had gone wrong with it. One young sub-lieutenant received his sweetheart's letter in a condition of pulp, with the two top lines of each page still intact, while another officer, who knew that his heart's delight would not have failed him in the matter of letter writing, received nothing at all. The explanation, though hardly solacing, was

simple enough. It seems that the last twenty miles of the Lagos mail journey is performed by mule diligence and a hungry mule had endeavored to satisfy the cravings of an empty stomach with the out pourings of loving hearts.

### "Pulling" for Rain.

In Burma the inhabitants have a novel form of the sport that elsewhere is commonly called a tug of war. In the Burmese game there is a rain party and a drought party, who put one against the other, the former of either party being considered to have immediate results as regards the weather. The drought party, however, obtains few victories, for the kind of weather it represents is commonly not so much desired as rain. In the face, therefore, of a strong public opinion the rain party is nearly always allowed to win, the palatable "roping," in the popular notion, being generally followed by a fertilizing downpour.

### Don't Be Discouraged.

It's always darkest just before the dawn; most sultry before the coolest shower; you're always hungriest just before the dinner bell rings; and the most tired just before bedtime. And you are just as likely to be the most discouraged just before things come your way. The tide must go out as far as it can before it begins to come in. So don't give up at this time. Stick. The homely nag often comes under the wire first, because it didn't know it was beaten on the first quarter. Anybody can start off with a rush, but few come in with a hurrah.—Beaver City Times-Tribune.

### The Postman's Appeal.

A negro employed as a postman in the British Gold Coast colony sent the following letter to the postmaster: "Dear Master: I have the pleasure to regret to inform you that when I go bath this morning a billow he remove my trouser. Dear master, how can I go on duty with only one trouser? If he get loss, where am I? Kind write Accra that they send me one more trouser, and so I catch him and go duty. Good-day, sir. My God, how are you? Your loving corporal. J. A."

### Take the First Boat.

The great, deep, priceless emotion of satisfaction enjoyed by every member of the National Society of Mayflower Descendants now in session at Plymouth teaches us that we owe it to posterity to try, by always being on time, never to get left and have to take the next boat. For, alas! in the deathless pages of history there is no next boat. Only the first gets its name into imperishable type.—Boston Herald.

### Canine Intelligence.

An intelligent dog in an Eastern town swallowed two sticks of dynamite and went downtown to try to get in the way of a man who had been in the habit of kicking at it every time they met.—Denver Post.



## A Handful of Servant Girl Suggestions

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK

The domestic servant never blossomed more brightly and conspicuously in every possible point of view than she does at the present time. That she challenges criticism and actually disarms it is a fact that is quite as well known as that one and one make two.

That she is anxiously awaiting an opportunity for mental and intellectual development cannot be denied by the most skeptical people in the land, be they employers or not, if they will but take sufficient interest in the matter to give it but a superficial glance in passing. It must be admitted by the most prejudiced person that the serving damsel reveals ordinary ambition when she avails herself of every opportunity to practice upon her mistress' piano or mandolin.

Therefore, she should be encouraged to develop her musical talents, in the hope that she may ripen into a fireside genius capable of rendering Spohr and Schumann in such a manner as to cause her to frown on the policeman and the butcher's acolyte, and at the same time teach her to put a finer quality of energy into the centrifugal stroke under which the buckwheat cake leaps into ineffable beauty and the pork and beans sparkle until, to the astronomical mind, they are the very Castor and Pollux of the kitchen. It should be the duty of every member of every woman's club from one end of the country to the other to provide a clavier for her cook to practice upon, and to impress the importance of this move upon all her friends, to the end that the intellectual side of the pot and kettle Joan of Arc's romantic nature may have an opportunity to develop along intellectual lines.

This departure should be followed by a course each in Browning and Emerson.

When she can read and appreciate like a Bostonian the Sage of Concord's "My Garden" she will slice the cucumbers with a rarer uniformity and skin the potatoes with a finer sense of economy as regards the thickness of the peellings. She will realize that string beans do not grow upon strings, and that bean poles haven't roots; also that breakfast food is not as a rule, predigested on the vine.

When she has learned to find pleasure in Emerson and Browning, give her a course in Omar Khayyam, until her haughty spirit reeks with Persian pomp and philosophy and she wakes to the fact that the policeman is a mere myrmidon, that the afternoon off is a delusion and a snare, and that an attempt to borrow her mistress' hat, even when successful, is a triumph, so called, that proves upon analysis to be hollower than the hollowest mockery.

Teach her to play moonlight sonatas on the mandolin if you would have your coffee made aright, and, furthermore, teach her to appreciate the luminous beauty that will live forever in the rippling gold of Andrea del Sarto, if you would have your liver and bacon dance hand in hand in your fancy to the Dorian mood of flutes and soft recorders.

But in refining her with music and literature, that she may become a culinary thing of beauty and a joy until her last month is up, and not continue to be the mere romantic beast of burden she is to-day, look to it that you do not let an accordion or a copy of any cook book fall into her inextricable and freckled hands.—New York Times.

## Czar Guided by Eagle

On a glorious spring morning toward the close of May 200 years ago a momentous historic event took place in a very quiet way, with not even a chronicler to describe the details. Woodland, water and a cloudless sky formed the framework of the scene, the foreground of which was occupied by a number of boats sailing on the surface of a broad river and manned by warriors, fierce-looking, oddly dressed and wrangling among themselves in loud tones. They were the famous "Bombardier" regiment which had achieved feats of prowess a few weeks before during the battle with the Swedes, and their "captain" was the most imposing figure of them all, sitting in the prow of a stout vessel ahead of the rest. The weather was bright and bracing, and the breeze caused the face of the blue, broad Neva to wrinkle, as it lost itself in the Finnish gulf. The "captain" stood with his back to the sea, gazing at the smiling islands in front, which were literally covered with dense forests; indeed, had it not been for the noisy-tongued men on the boats he might have fancied himself in a country theretofore unvisited by man. The whole district, Swedish down to a couple of weeks before, had recently been taken by the Russian troops. The "captain" now landed on the most pleasantly situated and attractive of the islands, and, with a

few of his officers, was making his way to the center when a curious sound in the air above arrested his attention.

Looking up he beheld a great eagle flapping its wings noisily, soaring up to a dizzy height and then swiftly descending to a spot not far from where he stood. He did not then know that it was a bird tamed by the men who were wont to load the boats with timber, but looked upon its appearance as a good omen for his undertaking. Seizing a bayonet therefore, he cut out two sods of the turf, placed them one on the other like the beams of a cross, then made a wooden cross from two boughs; and, pressing it into the sods, exclaimed: "In the name of Jesus Christ, let there be a church on this spot, and let its name be those of the chief apostles, Peter and Paul!" And it was all he had said. The church, with its golden spire, now surmounts the terrible fortress in which many political prisoners have perished miserably, and the city around it is St. Petersburg, for the "Captain of the Bombardiers" was Peter the Great.

Such is the legendary tale of the foundation of the northern Palmyra, which is said to have been jotted down by an officer of the corps at the time, and to have been laid in a gold casket, which still lies among the foundations of the fortress.

## Cows as Gold Mines.

"I just read in a paper that a cow swallowed \$85 in bills, and that the owner immediately had her butchered, and got back \$70 in currency which could be redeemed," said George W. Westcott, a drummer, at the Hotel Pfister, "and that reminds me of an experience that a friend of mine had out in Denver with a cow which I consider little short of remarkable. "He had a large ranch on Clear creek, just above Denver, and kept quite a herd of cattle there. Clear creek, as you know, runs down from Georgetown, through a rich placer district, and brings with it all the washings and tailings of the stamp mills, which contain considerable gold in a fine state. In fact, there is so much of it that people in Denver, when they get hard up, can always pan out \$1 a day or so from the sands of Clear creek."

"Well, this cow that I started to tell about had grazed along the bank of the creek for a good many years, and was sort of a landmark about there, so to speak. My friend was quite proud of her on account of the rich, yellow milk that she used to give, and one day when she died suddenly he felt pretty bad about it.

"There was no apparent reason for her dying, and so he decided to have a postmortem to find out what was the trouble. Well, he had a veterinary cut her open, and he found that the cow had been drinking the water of Clear creek canyon for so long that her stomach had become incrustated with gold dust about half an inch thick all round which interfered with her digestion, and accounted for the yellow milk."

"The veterinarian was mad clear through, and says he: 'This is no job for a veterinarian; it's a job for an assayer.'

"My friend paid him and the next day took the cow's stomach down to the assay office of the Grant smelter. Well, sir, it assayed \$8 to the pound, and my friend found that the cow's stomach contained \$10.75 worth of gold. Now, as fast as his cows die, he takes the gold from their stomachs, and it has got to be quite an item in his business. He is working on a cyanide process, which he believes will recover the gold from the cows before they die, and if he can perfect it so that it will work without killing them he'll be a rich man one of these days."—Milwaukee Sentinel.



Covered Jaunting Car.

from which the Quaker statesman embarked there sleeps Bishop Wolfe, the Protestant priest, who wrote the elegy to Sir John Moore, beginning: "Not a drum was heard; not a funeral note." "Black Rock" is the gloomy name of the monument planted in the seas to mark the resting place of the poet priest.

On the suburbs of Cork is Blarney,

said Thackeray, "how do you play?" "By main force, sir," he answered.

The King of England closed his visit to Ireland at Cork. He was in the "enemy's country," yet he was given a cordial and sincere welcome. The Irish greeted him as their guest. Ireland can be disloyal to rulers, but inhospitable to guests—never! She can oppose a king because a king op-